

# Pyromania

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Summary: This story follows Frisk through the underground, but a few things are different and suddenly no one remembers the resets.

## 1. Chapter 1

Sans sat at his station, the snow fell lightly to the ground from the cavernous ceiling of the underground. He let out a sigh, \_another day the same as the last\_ his nihilism often got on the nerves of his brother, but he wasn't ever able to shake the feeling that everything was meaningless.

**\*\*\_Click\_\*\***

He wanted to go to Grillby's

**\*\*\_Clack\_\*\***

He wasn't hungry but he could use a little comradery

**\*\*\_Click\_\*\***

**\*\*\*\*But he really didn't want to listen to another of Papyrus' tirades**

**\*\*\_Clack\_\*\***

It wouldn't be long before he'd be around to make sure Sans was doing his job anyway

**\*\*\_Click\_\*\***

\_what is that noise?\_

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\*\*\_God is it  
annoyingâ€¦|\_

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\*\*\_Yeah I can't ignore thatâ€¦|\_

He stood up heading toward the noise, \_this way? There isn't anywhere  
to come from over hereâ€¦| exceptâ€¦| \_

The Ruins. There was never anyone by the ruins, aside from the lady  
that lived thereâ€¦| the doors were sealed, he remembers talking to  
her but he's never seen her once. He reflected on their  
conversation.

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\_ Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\*\*\_"can you promise me something?" they had been silent for a short  
while, her voice was suddenly laced with sorrow.\_

\_ He was taken by surprise, "I don't really like to make promisesâ€¦|  
but shoot."\_

\_"If you ever see a human come through here, please promise me you  
will guide them and protect them from harmâ€¦|"\_

\_ That was a lot more then he was expecting, he thought of his job  
and what his brother would think. How would he explain anything like  
that to Undyne? \_

\_ "I know it's a lot to askâ€¦| you said you work as a sentry? I  
understand if you don't want toâ€¦|" \_

\_ But that sadness in her voice, she sounded as if she has lost  
everythingâ€¦|and for all he knew she hadâ€¦|\_

\_ "I'll do it."\_

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

As he approached the bridge he saw a figure walking toward him; was  
this the human she meant? He grinned, he could have some fun with  
this.

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

He took a shortcut, ending up behind them. he left the treeline to stomp on a stick laid across the path. The loud snap made them jump and turn around. But he was already hidden.

\*\*\_Clickâ€¦|\_\*\*

He snickered to himself as they turned back around, the rhythmic sound continuing as they pressed on. He followed far behind them, every time they turned around he was gone in a flash, they never saw him, and the sound continued.

\*\*\_Clackâ€¦|\_\*\*

\*\*\*\*He crept up behind them as they approached the bridge. They froze, hearing his feet crunch through the snow. he stopped mere inches behind them, taking extra care to breathe down their neck.

"Human." His soul swelled with amusement as he saw them stiffen.

He went to continue but they turned around, they were a young woman, scared stiff. He stuck out his hand, determined to complete the gag, but she flinched back crossing her arms over her face. In one hand she held a small black box.

He dropped his hand to his side, what had happened to make her so frightened? Oh rightâ€¦| him. "Heyâ€¦|" he said, maybe he had taken the whole sneaking in the shadows thing a little too far. "I didn't mean to scare you. Look." He pulled the whoopee cushion out of his sleeve. "I was just trying to prank you."

She lowered her guard slightly still observing him distrustfully with piercing, blue eyes. "intimidation isn't funny." She stated flatly.

He scratched the back of his skull. "I suppose it isn'tâ€¦|" he felt bad. "I'm sorry I scared you."

He took a step towards her and she jumped back, holding the small black box in front of her jabbing it at him like a knife, "don't come any closerâ€¦|"

He eyed her curiously, he couldn't have scared her that badlyâ€¦| he never made a move to harm herâ€¦|he didn't move, she took it as a challenge. She flicked the top openâ€¦| a lighter?

"I mean it." Her voice was steely, "Step back, \_now.\_"

"A lighter kid?" it was hardly a defensive weaponâ€¦|

"I'm not a child." She sounded annoyed.

"listen, I'm not going to hurt you." He took another step forward, she lit the lighter.

"I'm warning you!" she looked as if she was contemplating something dire.

Sans wanted to challenge her, find out what was so threatening about

a little lighter. But before he could move he heard a hollow  
\*\*\*\*\*\_Thud\_\*\*\_" \_and she fell to the ground, the lighter went out  
in the snow.

He looked behind her, a very freaked out looking Papyrus stood over  
her, holding a bone over his head like a club.

"Paps!" Sans fell to his knees to check over the human.

"Is that a \_human?!\_" Papyrus was obviously shocked and  
confused.

She wasn't bleeding, Sans sighed in relief, he had only knocked her  
outâ€| that's going to hurt later. "Yesâ€| but she wasn't doing  
anything wrongâ€|"

"It looked to me like she was threatening you!"

"She was scared!"

"Why would a human be scared of you?!"

Sans felt shame wash over him, "I may haveâ€| snuck up on herâ€| from  
the shadowsâ€|"

Papyrus' shoulders dropped in exasperation, a hand moved to his  
face.

"Are you serious Sans?! Your joke could have got you killed."

"Look at her Papyrusâ€|" he gestured to the limp figure on the  
ground. "She's not a threat."

Papyrus looked torn, "Sans, you know as well as I do that Undyne  
wants humans captured."

"I know." Sans had made a promise, to protect the human. And although  
he couldn't explain it, he felt a strange connection to her, it made  
him feel oddly protective anyway.

Papyrus saw Sans expression as his eyes were glued to the human's  
face. He sighed. "Let's get her home so she can get betterâ€|"

Sans nodded appreciatively, he picked up her lighter and put it in  
his pocket, Papyrus lifted her off the ground and cradled her, he  
felt a strange familiarity, like a spark in his soulâ€| he pushed the  
feeling away as they headed home through the brewing snowstorm.

## 2. Chapter 2

Sans sat at the end of the couch watching TV, Papyrus had gone to bed  
two hours ago, leaving him alone with the human sleeping at the other  
end of the couch. Occasionally he stole a glance at her, something  
about the way she slept made him feel nostalgic.

He turned her lighter over in his hand, upon closer inspection there  
was a picture of a small, blue phoenix on the front of it. He opened  
it, the chamber and wick were pretty blackened, this had seen a lot  
of use. He wondered if she smokedâ€| he didn't see any cigarettes on

herâ€|

He was snapped out of his thoughts as she began to stir, he quickly hid the lighter in his pocket. Her eyes opened slowly, she stared at the ceiling for a moment bringing her hand to her headâ€| she sat up looking around dazedly before her eyes fell on him, he waved pleasantly from his seat.

Her eyes immediately widened in fear, his smile fell as he realized she was still incredibly terrified of him; she pushed him back with her feet as she back-peddled away from him, yelping as she somersaulted over the armrest and onto the floor. He stood and carefully made his way to her and she scrambled backwards into the corner as if he were coming at her with a knife, she dug frantically through her pockets, when she found nothing she looked absolutely terrified and totally defeated. The way she just gave up and hung her head practically hurt him physically.

She trembled in the corner as he slowly knelt down to be on her level, she crossed her arms over her bent knees to hide her face, "heyâ€|" he kept his tone gentle, "I'm not going to hurt youâ€| Promise."

It was obvious she didn't believe him, he sat back on his knees, and sighed, "what do I have to do to prove I'm not a threat to you, no one down here really isâ€|" he trailed off remembering that she was in fact highly sought after, and thus the last sentence wasn't entirely trueâ€|

She relaxed ever so slightly, but kept her head down, "where is it?" she tried to sound threatening, but it didn't work, her voice still shook with her body.

Sans removed the black box from his pocket, gauging her reaction. She looked up meekly, when she didn't lunge for it he took that as a sign she didn't plan on using itâ€| however that worked, he gently took her wrist, she jerked away, he stayed in place and kept his hand held out, waiting.

She scanned his face, trying to figure out what he was trying to do. After a few moments she slowly offered him her hand, he took it gingerly, turning it palm up, she still offered a little resistance to his touch, but allowed him to guide her hand. he placed her lighter in her palm, then cupped her hand with both of his. "I'm going to give it back to youâ€|" he tightened his grip slightly, "But you have to promise you won't threaten me or Papyrus."

She stared at him with wide eyes, tears had begun to trickle down her cheeks, "I promiseâ€|" her voice was so small.

He let go of her hand and sat back, watching her as she snapped the lighter open and shut, she didn't move from her place in the corner. A silence fell over them, he just watched as she played compulsively with her little piece of safety. He tried to wrap his mind around why something like a lighter could be so important to her, and why she behaved as if it were a weapon.

He knew she wasn't going to tell him anything, but he asked anyway, "why are you so protective of that thing?"

She kept her eyes on her busy hands, "it doesn't matter." Her tone was flat.

He so badly wanted to gain her trust, he continued the small talk, "why do you have a lighter, do you smoke?"

She shook her head, still not making eye contact, "it causes cancer."

He was getting nowhere here, he changed the subject, "does your head hurt?"

She stopped clicking the lighter, she looked up as if only just realizing she was clocked over the head just a few hours prior, "yesâ€|"

He chuckled as he stood and went to the freezer, he pulled out a bag of peas that were bought over a month ago and were still unopened. Before he left the kitchen he grabbed a glass and filled it with water. He handed them to her and she held the peas to a pretty decent sized lump on her head, wincing before starting to guzzle the water.

"Sorry about thatâ€| Papyrus came to check on me and saw a human yelling at meâ€| he was just a little \_rattled.\_" He wiggled his brow bones comedically.

She sprayed water everywhere, her sudden outburst scaring the \_hell \_out of sans, "oh my god." She said, looking just as surprised as him and laughing out loud, "Did you just do what I think you did?"

"make a great pun? That's kind of my thing." He smiled at her, he was beginning to get through to her.

"Okay thenâ€| wowâ€|" she said, sighing.

"you seem upsetâ€|" Sans remarked, observing the sad smile on her face.

Her eyes met his, "I'm not upsetâ€| It's just been a long time since I laughed like that."

He scanned her face, her eyes held a deep rooted sorrow and her smile began to fade. Just what has she been up to that has caused her so much grief? And why did he care so much? He barely knew her.

She began to play with her lighter again, propping the peas against the wall to keep them on her head. Sans laughed, remembering the day before, and how that sound had irritated him, "You know, that sound is \_very \_annoyingâ€|"

She stopped immediately, "I knowâ€|I'm sorryâ€|I'll stopâ€|"

Sans shook his head, "no, don't stop if it makes you feel better. I can deal with a little clicking."

She smiled at him appreciatively but pocketed the lighter, "Thank you but I think I feel better now. I'm sorry I overreacted so much, I was just told not to trust anyoneâ€| I guess I took those words pretty close to heart." Weight lifted from her shoulders as she began to

reluctantly trust the skeleton sitting across from her.

Sans shrugged, "It's no big deal, I didn't really help, it's not very trustworthy to sneak up on people like thatâ€|"

A small smile lit her features, "Oh well, what's passed is past."

He stood and stretched, offering her a hand, "it's getting really late, you can stay on the couch for as long as you need, Paps won't give you any trouble."

She nodded taking his hand, "thank youâ€|"

A thought crossed his mind, "Hey, I never got your name."

Her smile grew, "My name is Frisk."

"Well Frisk, I'm Sans, Sans the skeleton."

End  
file.